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Genesis

CELEBRATING THE GOOD LIFE

JULY \$3.25

CHEATIN' WOMEN

CRUISING FOR SEX

**WILLIE NELSON:
OUTLAW ON
THE ROAD**

**ON THE COVER:
FRIENDS & LOVERS
MONTHLY WINNER
SANDRA A.**

**FRIENDS & LOVERS:
THE NUDE
NEXT DOOR**

- SECRETARIES
- DANCERS
- HOUSEWIVES
- COEDS
- DENTAL ASSISTANTS

**FEDERAL
FREELOADERS:
THEY PLAY,
YOU PAY**

SCRATCH AND SNIFF



RETAILERS SEE PAGE 113 FOR DISPLAY
ALLOWANCE PLAN

**RATED X:
GLITTER**

Genesis

CELEBRATING THE GOOD LIFE

JULY, 1984

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- 15 **OLYMPIC HOT DOG** All you need is water, wind and a sailboard.
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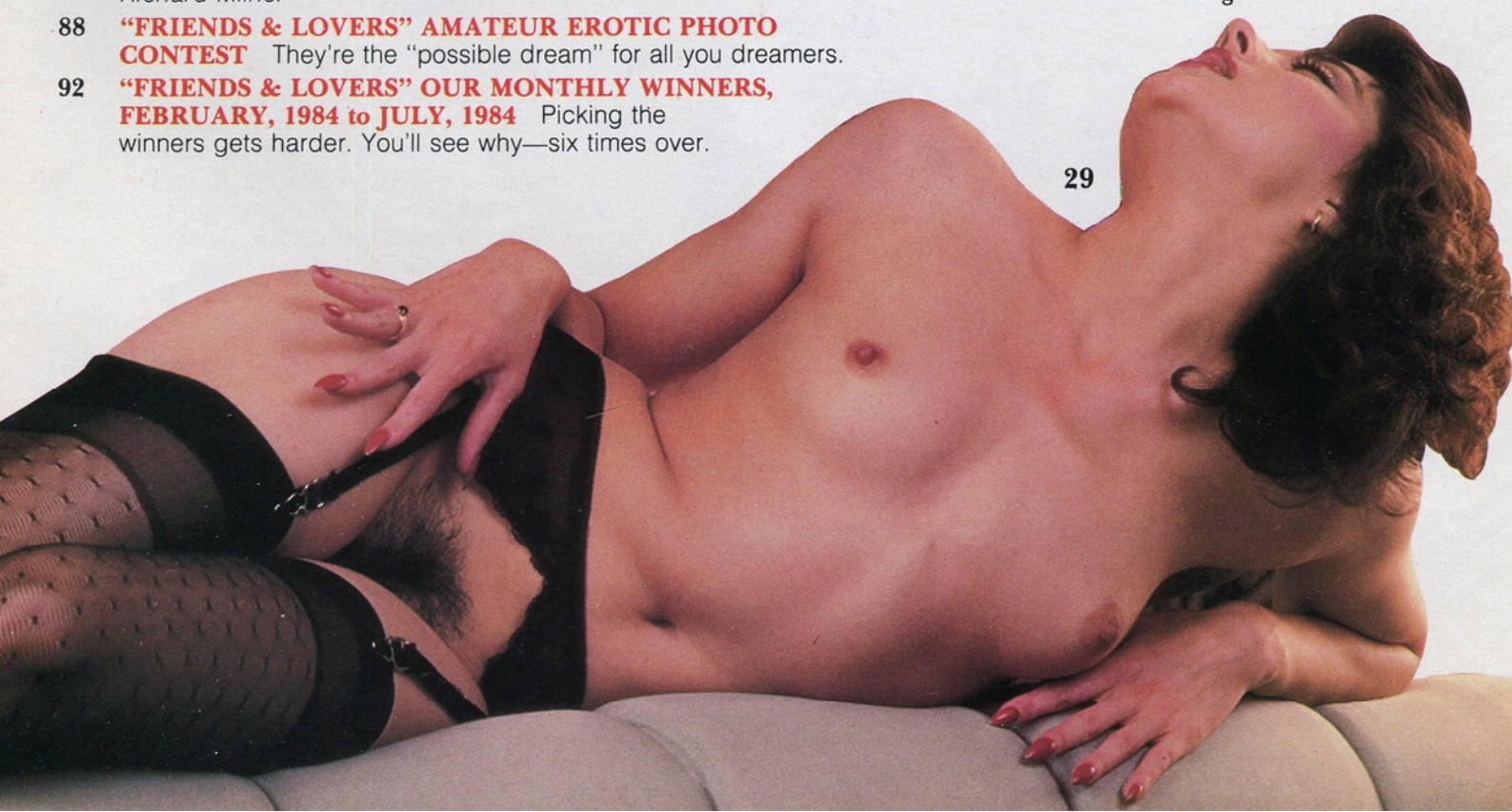


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Our politicians have high salaries, great pensions and prestige. But they still can't keep their noses out of the pork barrel . . . What do these horny woman want? More than even the best lover can give—maybe more than an army of lovers can give.



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Genesis

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The Women of Genesis

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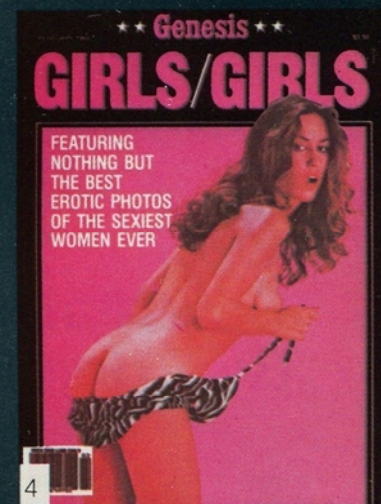
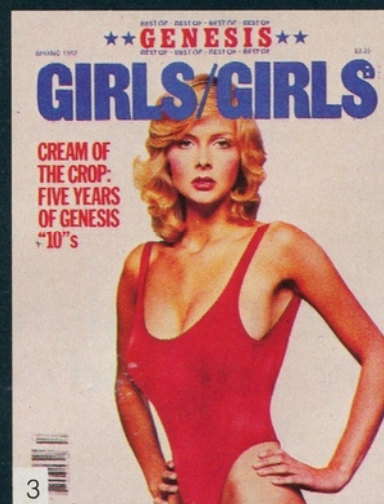
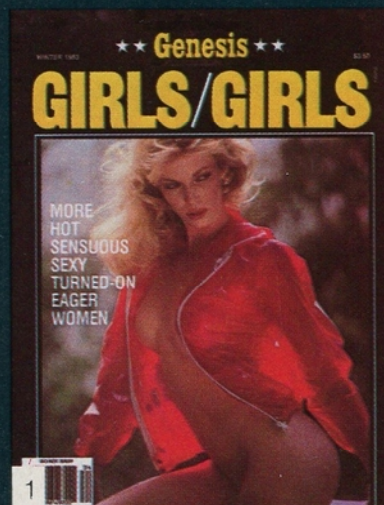


STEPHANIE PG.





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friends & lovers

AMATEUR EROTIC PHOTO CONTEST
OVER \$30,000 IN CASH AND PRIZES



SANDRA A.

20, student
McAllen, Texas
Photographed by her friend, Kit

Sultry Sandra loves to enter beauty contests—and she keeps winning them. No wonder. At five-feet-nine-inches tall, she had the good sense to distribute her 118 pounds thusly: 38-25-36. Our judges had to agree with all the judges who have gone before: This beauty is a real winner . . . and by presenting Sandra in a full layout, starting on page 49, we all become winners.



TERRY ANN L.

27, cocktail waitress, manicurist
South Lake Tahoe, California
Photographed by her lover, Jim

Originally from the pioneering nude-sunbathing area of Black's Beach, Terry Ann upholds her hometown tradition at Lake Tahoe. And she keeps in shape "for all kinds of activities" with Tahitian dancing. An animal lover, Terry Ann says, "I have a cockatoo that is my best friend." Sorry, but we couldn't possibly resist saying we have a cock-er-two that would like to be best friends with you, too.

Share the charms of your favorite lady with us. Each entrant whose picture is published in the monthly "Friends & Lovers" section receives \$50, plus a chance to win \$750 as a monthly winner and the \$5,000 Grand Prize. We'll accept any type of photograph, but please send slides for the best quality of reproduction. See contest rules and entry blank on page 106



SUZY G.

19, housewife
Pontiac, Michigan
Photographed by her lover, Robb

Just a shade over five feet tall and 97 pounds dripping wet, Suzy's the outgoing type. "I like going to parties and meeting people," she says. That should help her realize her fantasy to "make it with two men at one time." If not, she has a backup fantasy: "making love on a beach with my favorite guy."



CHERYL W.

27, cashier
Baltimore, Maryland

Photographed by her husband, Thomas

A green-eyed brunette, Cheryl hunts, hikes, and swims to keep fit. (We think a 36-23-33 figure is very fit indeed.)

She likes nude sunbathing, but that's probably not the activity Cheryl has in mind when she's fantasizing about being "stranded on some Arizona desert for about a week with my husband."



LINDA S.

26, homemaker and mother
Oxford, Kansas
Photographed by her husband, Kim

An advocate of "the country life" who "loves nature and the simple things," Linda likes to hunt, fish, and camp out. A perfect day for this perky blonde ends "under the stars, by a warm fire, making love." Asked what her future plans are, Linda replies, "Keeping my husband happy."



CAROLYN P.

33, entertainer and mother
College Park, Georgia

Photographed by her friend, Richard

Auburn-haired Carolyn has her beautiful green eyes set on a professional modeling career. Divorced, she has two daughters and three dogs and says she is "still looking for my ideal mate." He can be short or tall (Carolyn's five-eight), but he must be "sincere and honest, with a great sense of humor." And a hairy chest wouldn't hurt.



DIANE D.

28, teacher

Omaha, Nebraska

Photographed by her lover, Richard

Gentle Diane's very feminine hobbies include sewing, cooking, writing, ceramics . . . and weight lifting. Weight lifting? Yes, indeed, and probably necessary for a woman who admits, "I am creative and energetic, full of pranks, wit, and a strong sex drive." But you could probably keep up with her if you have "self-confidence, a promising career, and expensive tastes." (Diane just happens to love caviar and yachts.)



DEBRA L.

20, waitress/hostess

Antioch, Tennessee

Photographed by her husband, Kenny

Swimming and playing racquetball help Debra keep her scrumptious 35-26-35 figure. "Money, muscle, and class" turn her on. When she's not fantasizing about "going on a romantic weekend with Al Pacino or [she remembers to say] my husband," this lovely lady dreams of a modeling career—a good way to overcome her professed shyness.



LINDA H.

32, housewife

Youngstown, Ohio

Photographed by her husband, Gary

"Happily married with three children," Linda and her husband are also happily swinging away out in Ohio, or, as Linda puts it, "[We] enjoy the sexual pleasures of others." Sure, she likes "long rides in the country on a Harley," but an even better ride, to her, is an evening spent with "another couple, having a great time in the most intimate ways." Wow. Things are really *hot* in Ohio.



KAY W.

31, secretary

Ontario, Ohio

Photographed by her husband, Tom

Kay's aerobic classes and social dancing help work out any kinks in her 37-26-37 build. She says, "I make most of my clothes because I can't find anything sexy enough in the stores." This may have something to do with the hiring practices of her employers, since Kay delights in reporting, "I am the only female where I work, which makes every day interesting." We can imagine.



CHARLOTTE W.

26, housewife
Crystal Beach, Ontario, Canada
Photographed by her friend, Bill

Tiny, sweet Charlotte is only five foot one and 34-24-31, and she wants you to know she's "a real blonde." (We could tell.) She likes "listening to the radio, having a good time," and men who are "tall, blond, and blue-eyed." A special daydream of hers is fantasizing this favorite man into her bathtub . . . obviously for some good, clean sex.



LINDA P.

29, housewife, mother, nurse's aide
Albany, New York
Photographed by her lover, Frank

Dark-haired Linda likes "reading, music, and sex—though not necessarily in that order." We can't be sure how much Linda has researched this, but she claims to prefer tall men because "they seem to be much better endowed than the shorter men." But since Linda's only five foot three herself, almost anybody but Mickey Rooney would be a tall man to her, no?



SUZETTE V.

21, aerobics instructor
Honolulu, Hawaii

Photographed by her friend, Joe

Besides her classes, spectacular Suzette surfs, dances, and lifts weights. "I spend most of my time at the beach or the gym," she adds unnecessarily. But it helps explain her beautiful five-foot-eight, 124-pound figure measuring 37-24-36. She confides her "most exotic sexual experience was making love on a surfboard in the ocean." Hey, Suzette; Surf's up!

friends & lovers

FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER



SANDRA A.

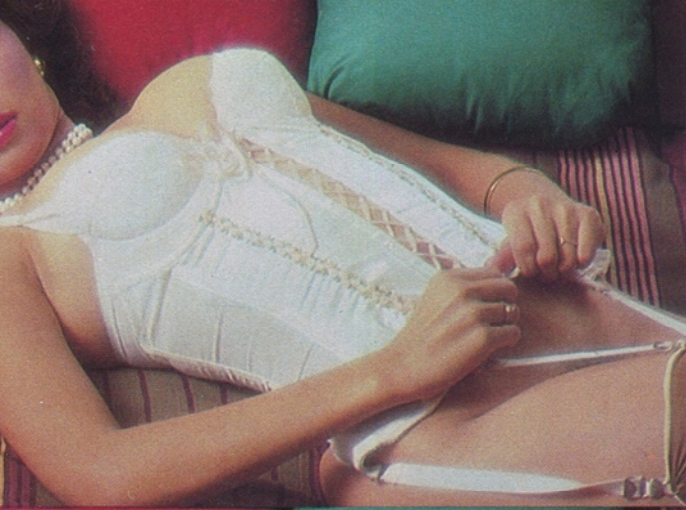
Hot, dusty summer sun. The cool mysteries of the night. Bigness. Boldness. Danger. Passion. Compassion. These are a few of the basic traits of the great Lone Star State. And they have a lot to do with the life and personality of Sandra A., favored daughter of Texas. A twenty-year-old college student, this Latin beauty could be described as upwardly mobile. But that's something like saying that the space shuttle Challenger is upwardly mobile. Sandra's moving so fast you'd better stand back—or you could get caught in the afterburn of her retrorockets.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PETTIT

"For one full day—twenty-four hours—I'd like to be totally free of all my inhibitions and totally succumb to lust," says the 38-25-36 brunette. But her days are filled with other passions.









She jogs with fervor,
dances with frenzy,
plays tennis as if
she might have to face C
Evert in an hour.
She reads everything she
lays her hands on and
pours it out again in
writing. She's work
her way through col
in a men's wear depart
store. She plans to
a doctor of dent

Don't think she's just
another pretty brain.
Sandra also has a pas-
sion for beauty contests.



In 1983 she took first
in two local pageants,
and will now enter the
Miss Texas contest in '84.









Maybe she'll be the big winner for the year
 "Friends & Lovers" competition, but we ju
 couldn't wait for you people. "It took a lot
 thought before I agreed to doing this center
 for GENEŠIS, but now I love it." Thank you, Sa
 So do we. And say hello to the stars for u







Genesis

FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER

Sandra A.

In This Issue
The Women of Genesis

SANDY PG. 49



KAREN PG. 65

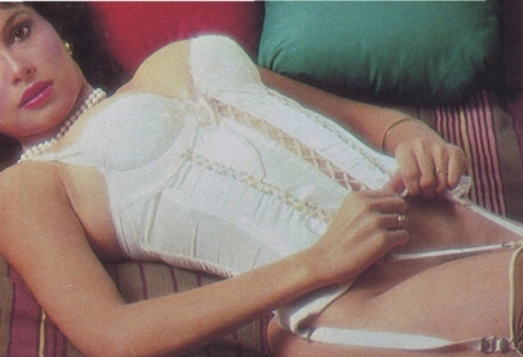


RENÉE PG. 79



STEPHANIE PG.





She jogs with fervor and dances with frenzy. She plays tennis as if she might have to face Chris Evert in an hour. She reads everything she can lay her hands on and then pours it out again in her writing. She's working her way through college in a men's wear department store. She plans to be a doctor of dentistry.



Maybe she'll be the big winner for the yearly "Friends & Lovers" competition, but we just couldn't wait for you people. "It took a lot of thought before I agreed to doing this centerfold for GENESIS, but now I love it." Thank you, Sandra. So do we. And say hello to the stars for us.



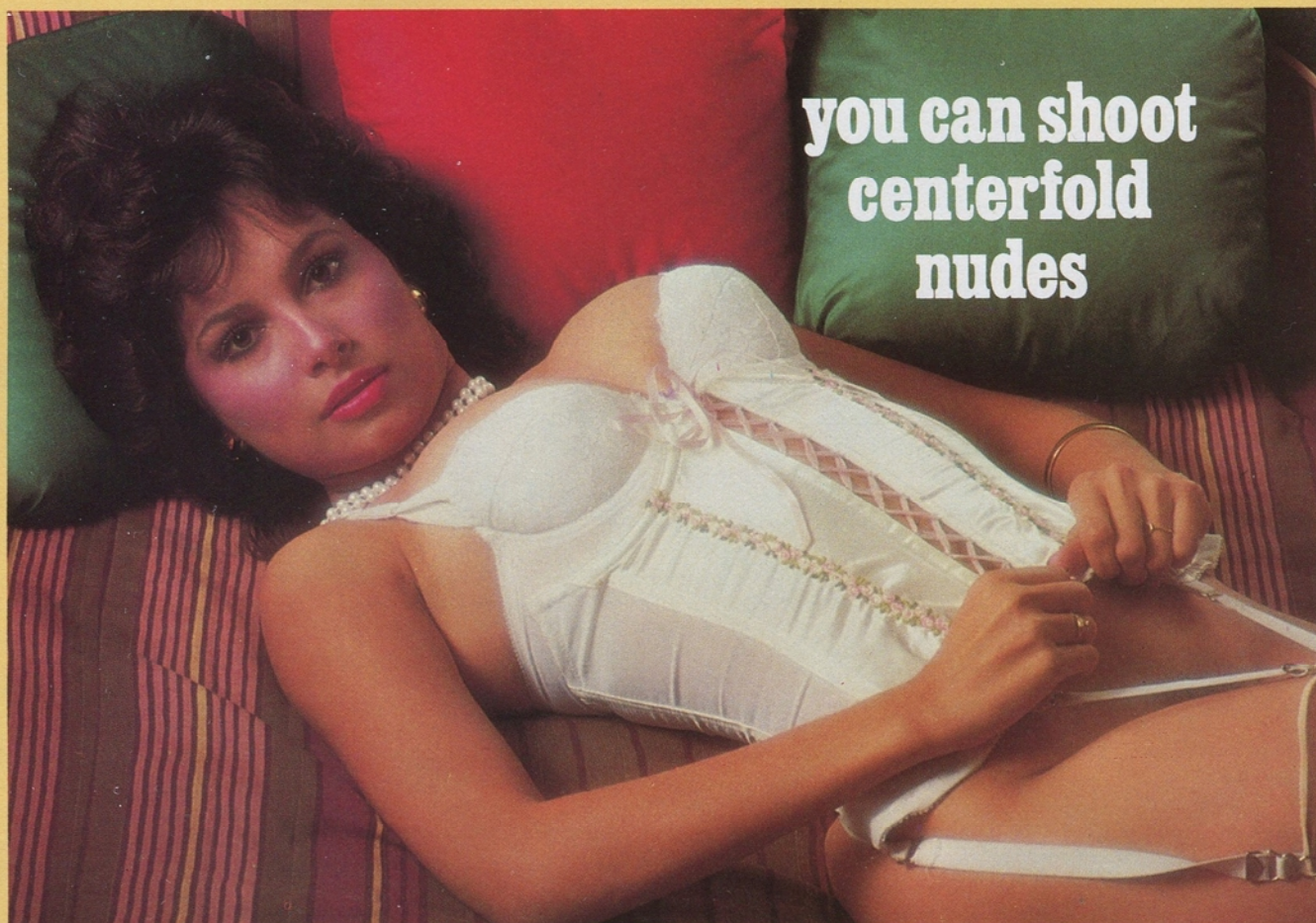


Genesis

FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER

Sandra A.

guide to erotic photography



We have been receiving lots of letters from our readers praising this section and wanting to know how they can become better photographers of erotic nudes. First, thanks for the letters—keep them coming. Second, take more pictures of your favorite subject: nudes. If the cost starts getting too heavy, practice with black-and-white film. It's a lot cheaper to make mistakes in black and white. If you have a camera club in your area, join it. You'll not only learn a lot, but you can also save money by learning how to process your own film and by using the club's darkroom. One thing you can rely on is that other members will be involved in and share your appreciation of erotic photography. These photographers can provide technical tips and also may be able to put you in touch with models for your work. Many clubs will have sessions where interested members can chip in to hire a nude model. These sessions provide excellent experience, and are a good source for photos you can show to other potential models.

Our centerfold model, Sandy, is a good example of how beautiful amateur models can be. Originally an entrant in our "Friends & Lovers" Amateur Erotic Photo Contest, Sandy was photographed by one of the most successful photographers of women in the U.S., Steve Pettit. The subdued lighting used to photograph this set emphasizes Sandy's smoldering dark beauty. Study the pictures that follow page 49 and then check page 60 to see how Steve did it. The tips on page 60 may be just what you and your lady need to collect some of the cash waiting for our winners. Page 106 has complete contest details and an entry blank; the rest is up to you.

(continued on page 60)

GUIDE TO PHOTOGRAPHY

(continued from page 48)

Sandy's white waist cincher and bra provide excellent contrast for her warm skin tones and beautiful hair. The neutral background adds to the impact of this shot because it does not distract the viewer. To highlight our model's hair, a small spot was used behind her head. The primary source of illumination is a strobe off to the right of the picture, which picks up the model's skin tones. With the dark background, the strobe makes our model's image "pop" or stand out from the page. This shot was taken with a Nikon F1 and 55mm Nikkor lens on Kodachrome 64. The lens was set at $f/11$ and a shutter speed of $1/250$ second was selected.



One reason that the hand-held 35mm camera with interchangeable lenses is ideal for nude photography is demonstrated by this very candid shot. Using a 105mm $f/2.8$ lens, our photographer was able to back up and take a low-angle closeup picture from a distance. Many models feel intimidated by the close presence of the photographer and the camera. By backing away from the subject, the photographer encourages

the model to relax and forget that pictures are being taken. The result is natural poses that give the viewer the feeling that he is watching or is part of a very private event. To keep all the elements in the photo in focus, an aperture setting of $f/16$ was selected to provide good depth of field. The shot was taken at $1/125$ second using a strobe and bouncing the light off the ceiling for warm, soft, even illumination.



Centerfold shots are always a challenge because they will always be judged more critically than the rest of the photos submitted for a layout. The first point to be checked is the model's face. To qualify as a centerfold, her face must be beautiful, her hair attractive, and her expression appealing. Next, the pose must look natural, relaxed, and as erotic as possible without being in bad taste. The final element to be checked, and one of the most important, is the model's skin tone or color. Nothing turns off the viewer more than unnatural or unhealthy looking skin, especially blotches or red marks. Tanned skin is fine, but avoid any hint of sunburn, which will often make the model look like a lobster. Our model Sandy has delicate, lovely skin tones with an overall tan that photographs to perfection. To record the natural flesh color faithfully, make sure that light striking the model

does not add color to her skin. If a strobe or other light is bounced off a red surface, the light reaching the model will be red; light reflected from a blue surface will add a blue, unhealthy tint to the final photo.

For the centerfold, our photographer used a direct light source to avoid adding a tint to Sandy's skin. A single strobe to the right of the camera created strong highlights and deep shadows that emphasize the lush curves of the model's body. Since the pillows beneath the model reflect very little light, the brightly-lit figure seems to be glowing. Such shots require preparation, but if you are willing to experiment and practice, you too can produce such great erotic photos. Think of your model's reaction when she sees herself in a centerfold-quality photo. This shot was taken with a Nikon F2, a 105mm Nikkor lens set at $f/16$, and recorded on Kodachrome 64. □

jokes

JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKE

The horny young stud at the office wouldn't quit bragging to Stephanie about his phenomenal talents as a lover and hassling the lovely girl to sleep with him. But Stephanie hated braggarts and kept saying no.

One afternoon, lover boy slipped up alongside Stephanie and said, "What do you say, baby—my place after work, and I'll give you a stiff nine inches."

"Gee, can you really get it up three times in one night?"

—Contributed by S. W.
New York City

What's the worst sexual insult a man can suffer?

He's jerking off, and his hand falls asleep.

Annie, who was proud of her resemblance to Dolly Parton, went to a shop where they sold T-shirts, imprinting slogans on them while you wait. She ordered three T-shirts and asked them to imprint the following: *If You Can Read This, You're Too Damned Close.*

"Would you like printed or script letters?" the clerk asked.

"Neither," said Annie. "I want it in Braille."

—Rich Horton
Amarillo, Texas

Tommy, a rawboned young country boy, finally saved up enough money to get his first piece of tail at the local whorehouse. But when he arrived, the madam told him that they didn't take novices.

"Go get some experience, boy," she told Tommy.

"But how'm I gonna get any experience with all the daddies watchin' their daughters like hawks?"

"Go stick your cock into some tree-holes."

A few days later, Tommy showed up again at the whorehouse, and he was carrying a hoe handle. The madam asked him what the hoe handle was for, and Tommy said, "Before I stick my pecker into another hole, I'm gonna make sure there ain't no hornets nestin' in it."

—Billy Ray Shelton
Shreveport, Louisiana

Overheard at a singles bar:

Guy: "Wanna fuck?"

Girl: "Your place or mine?"

Guy: "If it's gonna be a hassle, forget about it."

Pickup in a lesbian bar.

First gay girl: Let's get it on.

Second gay girl: Your face or mine?

Ralph was going out of his mind over the sexy blond secretary in his office. At lunch one day, he said to his friend, Don, "She won't have anything to do with me. She's a mirage."

"You're using the wrong word. A mirage is something you see off in the distance, but when you get close, it disappears."

"That's her."

—Randy Olivera
Dover, Delaware

I had a long talk with my mother about sex the other night," said the college coed to her classmate. "She's such a prude. She says when I go out on a date, I should allow a guy to touch me only above the waist."

"So, how are you going to deal with that?"

"Learn to stand on my head."

—Ed MacIntyre
Boston, Massachusetts

Clem and Peggy Sue were strolling along a deserted country road in the boondocks one afternoon. Clem was carrying a bucket, a chicken, and a pitchfork, and was leading a goat.

"I'm kinda scared being all alone out here with a big, strong fella like you," said Peggy Sue. "You might try to take advantage of me."

"Ain't likely, Peggy Sue, not with all these here things I'm carrying, and this pesky goat."

"Well, you could stick the pitchfork in the ground, tether the goat to it, then put the chicken down, and put the bucket over him."

—Gus Karis
Syracuse, New York

Karen, a clever hooker, was always thinking of new come-ons to avoid being arrested by decoy cops. So, this night,

she was working a new ploy, and as a well-dressed man walked toward her "post" she smiled and said, "Sir, would you care to make a contribution to help keep me off the street?"

"And just how much of a contribution do you suggest?"

"Well, sir, that depends on how long you want to keep me off the street."

—Bradford W. Simpson
Seattle, Washington

A United States Senator meets this gorgeous young hooker, who invites him home for the night. Her apartment is luxurious and equipped with a huge bathtub, in which they take a bubble bath together, for openers. Then the Senator is treated to the most incredible night of fucking and sucking he's ever experienced. And the most unbelievable part of it is that the lovely young girl charges him only twenty dollars.

Next morning, as he's getting dressed to leave and ogling the girl, who is lounging on the bed wearing a black nightie, the Senator says, "It's incredible. You're beautiful, young, great in bed, and live in this expensive apartment. How can you charge only twenty dollars a night?"

"Easy. I sell X-rated videotapes. Would you like to see yours?" —C. W.
Baltimore, Maryland

Then there was the time dumb Obie bought four snow tires, and on the way home they melted.

Graffiti in the men's room of a bar: "I like to fuck grils."

"Learn how to spell, stupid. It's *girls*."

"Hey, how about us grils?"

Herbert, a very hip New Yorker, was showing his British friend, Spencer, the night life of the city. He took Spencer to a discotheque where the action was wild.

"Well, old friend," said Herbert, as they watched the dancers, "what do you think of that?"

"Extraordinary. But why are they doing it standing up?" —Charles W. Halcott
Sacramento, California



"Injuns! Take cover!"

★ winners

entertainment

WOMEN: ROCKIN' IN THE EIGHTIES

Throughout its short history, hard rock has been a male domain. From Elvis to Little Richard, from Mick Jagger to Prince, the music has been a high-voltage, violent, male spectacle. Certainly no place for a lady—or so the story used to read.

Since the sixties, and on into the latter part of the seventies, women vocalists have been gaining prominence in the pop music scene. But while women during those two decades were often an important part of the rock sound, they were seldom seen as an important *force* in the rock industry. Barring a few exceptions, such as Joni Mitchell and Genya Raven, most women in rock per-

formed two basic functions: They sang, and they looked good. Almost always, the writing, arranging, producing, and image were male-dominated.

Today, women are finally coming into their own in the rock world. Up to this point, women have always been rock 'n' roll's second-class citizens. Less than a couple of years ago, it was an unwritten but well-followed rule that radio stations were never to play two female singers back to back. But things are rapidly changing. There is a new breed of female rockers—women who are rapidly becoming a major force in, and changing the face of, rock music.

Interestingly enough, the women who have brought about the greatest changes in the rock empire are not necessarily those who have



Patti Smith

sold the most records. For example, Olivia Newton-John and Donna Summer have both had extremely successful careers, but neither has altered the rock game plan or shaken the industry ground rules. As in most cases, the change has come from rock's renegades, the female outlaws—women such as Patti Smith, Marianne Faithful, Lene Lovich, Tina Weymouth of Talking Heads and The Tom Tom Club, Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders, Martha Davis of The Motels, Suzie Quatro during her pre-*Happy Days* years, Exene of X, and a host of others.

THERESA KEREAKES

There is also a new breed of female sex-rockers who have burst upon the scene, proving that they can go blow for blow (pardon the pun) with the Jaggers and Daltreys of this world. Pat Benatar has defined the term "rock 'n' roll bitch" with her pouty-lipped strutting and S&M image. Wendy O. Williams (The Plasmatics) brought a whole new meaning to "slut-rock," and Debbie Harry (Blondie) tried her damndest (although coming up short) to give us a rock 'n' roll Marilyn Monroe. The girls are stepping out now, doing their own, highly sexed stage antics.

Yet the true emergence of women in rock has just begun, and there is a new wave about to crash—female rockers hot on the heels of the likes of the Go-Go's, Dale Bozio (Missing Persons), and Girlschool. One such is Linnea Quigley, who not only sings, writes and plays lead guitar, but is also an experienced multi-media performer, having appeared in films (*American Gigolo*, *Nice Dreams*, and most recently *The Young Warriors*), TV, and on the stage. Rock 'n' rollers like these are exploring new ground not only in the pop music world, but in the arena of multi-media performance.

Exactly where this female revolution will eventually lead is hard to say. But one thing's for sure: Rock will never be the same. And I, for one, am glad of it!

—Anthony Mora

Debbie Harry



Exene



THERESA KEREAKES

Linnea Quigley





STEPHANIE

Massachusetts is the home state of a sexy and sultry bank teller of Portuguese extraction whom we met early this spring while vacationing. "The New England seacoast is the most beautiful part of the United States," Stephanie told us. "I wish everyone had the chance to grow up here." We would have liked to grow up in this small fishing town ourselves, preferably as the boy who lived next door to beautiful Steph, and we told her exactly that. We could think of a lot of backyard games to play after school.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS





"It's funny that you should say that," smiled Stephanie. "As a matter of fact, I did fall in love with the boy next door, and, oh, we played some fun games. Unfortunately, he and his family moved away when the fishing industry here started to fade and before things got too serious. I was heartbroken, of course. But I soon found that there were plenty of other boys around to take his place. So I did what every girl does to take her mind off a guy—go out with another one."



"Here's another reason I like my hometown so much. I really go for the rugged, outdoor type of man, like the fishermen who make up most of this town—and believe me, there are lots of that type around here. They make nice romantic figures, don't you think?"

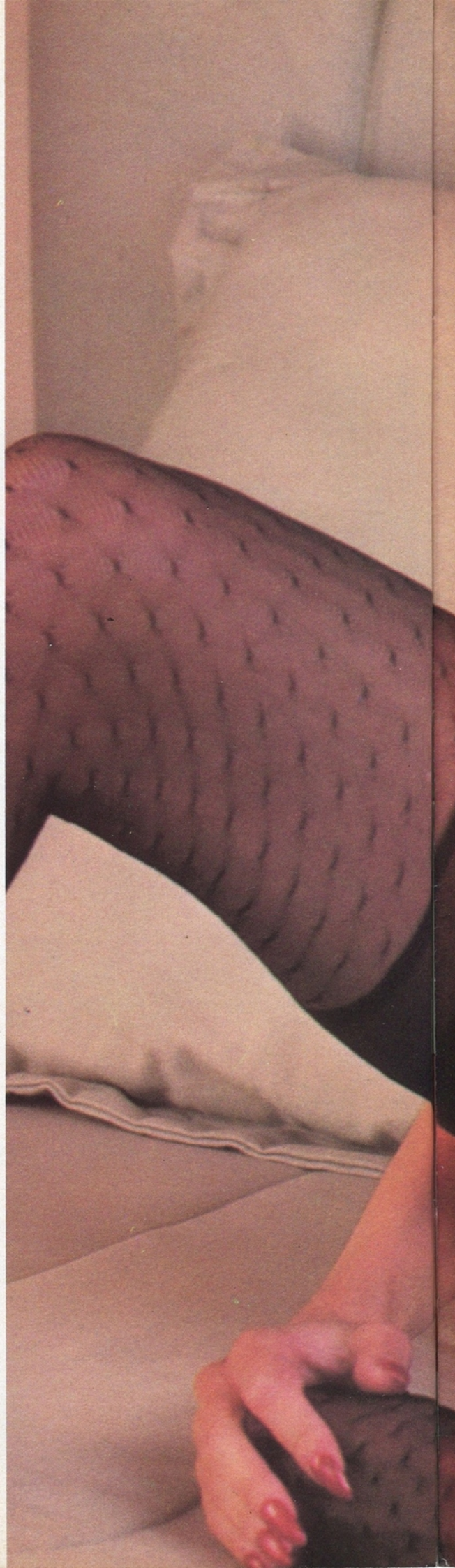




"My father is that type of guy, so maybe that has something to do with it. And I know how dangerous the job is, but that, too, kind of adds to the attraction. I really like to play around with dangerous, romantic men. It makes me tingle all over."



"Don't get me wrong. When I say 'play around,' that doesn't mean that I'm not serious. I can get so serious that men have asked me to stop. Now, *that's* serious sex. But you have to watch out for these guys. If they haven't seen a woman in six weeks or more, they don't have anything serious on their minds. So you have to wait until they cool off a little before you heat them back up again, if you know what I mean." We think we do, Stephanie.







"It's funny that you should say that," smiled Stephanie. "As a matter of fact, I did fall in love with the boy next door, and, oh, we played some fun games. Unfortunately, he and his family moved away when the fishing industry here started to fade and before things got too serious. I was heartbroken, of course. But I soon found that there were plenty of other boys around to take his place. So I did what every girl does to take her mind off a guy—go out with another one."



"Here's another reason I like my hometown so much. I really go for the rugged, outdoor type of man, like the fishermen who make up most of this town—and believe me, there are lots of that type around here. They make nice romantic figures, don't you think?"



"Don't get me wrong. When I say 'play around,' that doesn't mean that I'm not serious. I can get so serious that men have asked me to stop. Now, *that's* serious sex. But you have to watch out for these guys. If they haven't seen a woman in six weeks or more, they don't have anything serious on their minds. So you have to wait until they cool off a little before you heat them back up again, if you know what I mean." We think we do, Stephanie.





"Honest, Mr. Gibson, I'm beginning to feel
you take these 'nooners' for granted."



KAREN

When we first met curvaceous Karen and learned that she didn't even have a home, we offered her ours, of course. "Well," she laughed, "I hope I didn't give you the wrong impression. I do have a place to stay when I'm in New York. One of my girlfriends is a stewardess with an absolutely huge apartment. And the best thing is that I only have to pay rent when I'm there, which is only about seven or eight weeks a year. The rest of the time, I'm literally all over the world."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER



Karen is a professional tour guide, which sounds to us like a real cushy job. "I love it," says the twenty-three-year-old blonde. "Though it can be taxing, with the long hours, the jet lag. . . ." Yeah, sure sounds rough to us.





"But then again, I do get to travel to a lot of exotic places, and of course I meet a lot of sexy and exotic men. It's amazing how often men will approach an American girl when she's in a foreign country. I seem to have my pick of sexy and friendly guys."



That didn't surprise us at all. But what does Karen look for in a guy, now that she's had all this worldly travel experience? "I like strong, intelligent men. Masculine, but not macho. The minute a guy starts to run that act by me, it's bye-bye, Charlie."







"Blue eyes really knock
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"I guess I spend a lot of time looking at men's eyes. That's how I size up a guy when I first meet him. If I see humor, confidence, and sensitivity, I respond right away. I also seem to have a knack for meeting guys who are good in the sack."





"Blue eyes really knock me out, too. But I'm learning to like brown eyes, too, since in a lot of places my tours take me, blue eyes are really rare. I think that's too bad."



"I guess I spend a lot of time looking at men's eyes. That's how I size up a guy when I first meet him. If I see humor, confidence, and sensitivity, I respond right away. I also seem to have a knack for meeting guys who are good in the sack."



RENÉE

When last we saw Renée she was our centerfold girl in the May, 1983 issue. We discovered her in the frozen north—Bangor, Maine. She was working in a drugstore, enduring the long winters with their Arctic winds, below-zero temperatures and endless snowstorms. That's all changed. After many requests that Renée make a second appearance, we asked our photographer to contact her. But it took months before he found her—in Key West, Florida. Why Key West? Renée will tell you why.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY CAYE



"The cold, the ice and snow, and cabin fever. But most of all, not meeting enough eligible men—eligible for fun in the bedroom. You can't meet guys when you're stuck at home in a blizzard."







So when a man from Key West came into the drugstore where Renée worked and began chatting about the warm weather and beauty of Key West, Renée listened. And when he offered her a job . . .





"I hardly gave it a thought. The temperature was fifteen below zero that afternoon, and the wind-chill factor was something like sixty below. I accepted the man's offer."



Renée is now working in a hotel in Key West, in charge of arranging banquets, private parties, and such. How does she like the abrupt change of climate? "Beautiful! But there's still a man problem. With the large gay population down here, the competition for desirable men is just fierce. A girl has to be very aggressive and simply fantastic in bed to get a second date. But with the beach—swimming and sunbathing, and things in the nude—the warmth . . . Well, it beats snow, and ice, and wind-chill factor."





"The cold, the ice and snow, and cabin fever. But most of all, not meeting enough eligible men—eligible for fun in the bedroom. You can't meet guys when you're stuck at home in a blizzard."



friends & lovers

AMATEUR EROTIC PHOTO CONTEST
OVER \$30,000 IN CASH AND PRIZES



SANDRA A.

20, student
McAllen, Texas
Photographed by her friend, Kit

Sultry Sandra loves to enter beauty contests—and she keeps winning them. No wonder. At five-feet-nine-inches tall, she had the good sense to distribute her 118 pounds thusly: 38-25-36. Our judges had to agree with all the judges who have gone before: This beauty is a real winner . . . and by presenting Sandra in a full layout, starting on page 49, we all become winners.



TERRY ANN L.

27, cocktail waitress, manicurist
South Lake Tahoe, California
Photographed by her lover, Jim

Originally from the pioneering nude-sunbathing area of Black's Beach, Terry Ann upholds her hometown tradition at Lake Tahoe. And she keeps in shape "for all kinds of activities" with Tahitian dancing. An animal lover, Terry Ann says, "I have a cockatoo that is my best friend." Sorry, but we couldn't possibly resist saying we have a cock-er-two that would like to be best friends with you, too.

Share the charms of your favorite lady with us. Each entrant whose picture is published in the monthly "Friends & Lovers" section receives \$50, plus a chance to win \$750 as a monthly winner and the \$5,000 Grand Prize. We'll accept any type of photograph, but please send slides for the best quality of reproduction. See contest rules and entry blank on page 106



SUZY G.

19, housewife

Pontiac, Michigan

Photographed by her lover, Robb

Just a shade over five feet tall and 97 pounds dripping wet, Suzy's the outgoing type. "I like going to parties and meeting people," she says. That should help her realize her fantasy to "make it with two men at one time." If not, she has a backup fantasy: "making love on a beach with my favorite guy."



CHERYL W.

27, cashier

Baltimore, Maryland

Photographed by her husband, Thomas

A green-eyed brunette, Cheryl hunts, hikes, and swims to keep fit. (We think a 36-23-33 figure is very fit indeed.)

She likes nude sunbathing, but that's probably not the activity Cheryl has in mind when she's fantasizing about being "stranded on some Arizona desert for about a week with my husband."



LINDA S.

26, homemaker and mother

Oxford, Kansas

Photographed by her husband, Kim

An advocate of "the country life" who "loves nature and the simple things," Linda likes to hunt, fish, and camp out. A perfect day for this perky blonde ends "under the stars, by a warm fire, making love." Asked what her future plans are, Linda replies, "Keeping my husband happy."



CAROLYN P.

33, entertainer and mother

College Park, Georgia

Photographed by her friend, Richard

Auburn-haired Carolyn has her beautiful green eyes set on a professional modeling career. Divorced, she has two daughters and three dogs and says she is "still looking for my ideal mate." He can be short or tall (Carolyn's five-eight), but he must be "sincere and honest, with a great sense of humor." And a hairy chest wouldn't hurt.



DIANE D.

28, teacher

Omaha, Nebraska

Photographed by her lover, Richard

Gentle Diane's very feminine hobbies include sewing, cooking, writing, ceramics . . . and weight lifting. Weight lifting? Yes, indeed, and probably necessary for a woman who admits, "I am creative and energetic, full of pranks, wit, and a strong sex drive." But you could probably keep up with her if you have "self-confidence, a promising career, and expensive tastes." (Diane just happens to love caviar and yachts.)



DEBRA L.

20, waitress/hostess

Antioch, Tennessee

Photographed by her husband, Kenny

Swimming and playing racquetball help Debra keep her scrumptious 35-26-35 figure. "Money, muscle, and class" turn her on. When she's not fantasizing about "going on a romantic weekend with Al Pacino or [she remembers to say] my husband," this lovely lady dreams of a modeling career—a good way to overcome her professed shyness.



LINDA H.

32, housewife

Youngstown, Ohio

Photographed by her husband, Gary

"Happily married with three children," Linda and her husband are also happily swinging away out in Ohio, or, as Linda puts it, "[We] enjoy the sexual pleasures of others." Sure, she likes "long rides in the country on a Harley," but an even better ride, to her, is an evening spent with "another couple, having a great time in the most intimate ways." Wow. Things are really *hot* in Ohio.



KAY W.

31, secretary

Ontario, Ohio

Photographed by her husband, Tom

Kay's aerobic classes and social dancing help work out any kinks in her 37-26-37 build. She says, "I make most of my clothes because I can't find anything sexy enough in the stores." This may have something to do with the hiring practices of her employers, since Kay delights in reporting, "I am the only female where I work, which makes every day interesting." We can imagine.





friends & lovers

OUR MONTHLY WINNERS,
FEBRUARY, 1984, TO JULY, 1984

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CHARLOTTE W.

26, housewife
Crystal Beach, Ontario, Canada
Photographed by her friend, Bill

Tiny, sweet Charlotte is only five foot one and 34-24-31, and she wants you to know she's "a real blonde." (We could tell.) She likes "listening to the radio, having a good time," and men who are "tall, blond, and blue-eyed." A special daydream of hers is fantasizing this favorite man into her bathtub . . . obviously for some good, clean sex.



LINDA P.

29, housewife, mother, nurse's aide
Albany, New York
Photographed by her lover, Frank

Dark-haired Linda likes "reading, music, and sex—though not necessarily in that order." We can't be sure how much Linda has researched this, but she claims to prefer tall men because "they seem to be much better endowed than the shorter men." But since Linda's only five foot three herself, almost anybody but Mickey Rooney would be a tall man to her, no?



SUZETTE V.

21, aerobics instructor
Honolulu, Hawaii

Photographed by her friend, Joe

Besides her classes, spectacular Suzette surfs, dances, and lifts weights. "I spend most of my time at the beach or the gym," she adds unnecessarily. But it helps explain her beautiful five-foot-eight, 124-pound figure measuring 37-24-36. She confides her "most exotic sexual experience was making love on a surfboard in the ocean." Hey, Suzette; Surf's up!

friends & lovers

FEBRUARY 1984 FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER

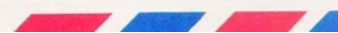


IRIS NELSON

KAISERSLAUTERN, WEST GERMANY

"I have always been a woman of physical awareness, of both myself and my man," Iris told us, adding, "I am an active bodybuilder who tries very much to keep my body in tip-top shape." Her hard work and awareness have resulted in such a heavenly body that we were mooning for more. In fact, we were so lovesick for this beautiful nurse that we couldn't wait for her to return stateside with her G.I. husband. So we flew Iris to our studios in Europe for this exclusive photo session . . . the perfect valentine to our readers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOREAU



friends & lovers

MARCH 1984 FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER



DENISE D.
REVERE, MASSACHUSETTS

Famous for his silversmithing and for taking horseback rides at midnight, Paul Revere could not have foreseen what was *really* coming: a Massachusetts town named in his honor and a town now honored for being the home of the "Friends & Lovers" contest winner for March. Like the month she represents, twenty-one-year-old Denise has two sides to her: Sometimes she comes on like a lion, sometimes like a lamb. Our camera artist found out about that, capturing the hazel-eyed blonde and her opposing qualities for the enjoyment of all GENESIS fans.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PETTIT



friends & lovers

APRIL 1984 FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER



VICTORIA LEE

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA

Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina with this month's "Friends & Lovers" contest winner. Next best is sending our roving lensman to the Carolinas with an assignment to bring back the best of Victoria. At five foot six, 130 pounds, and 36-26-37, she has a lot of "best" to offer. "I've never posed for anyone except my husband before," Victoria bashfully told us, "but thinking about someone else taking my picture turned me on." (That's the spirit!) "At first, I was nervous about posing for a stranger, but then, as it went along, it was just a job—but a really fun one." We wondered what it is that turns this brunet bombshell off. "Sometimes people act like I don't know what I'm talking about—just because I'm female," she said with her eyes flashing. "I really hate to be ignored."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PETTIT



friends & lovers

MAY 1984 FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER



KRISTI ROSS

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

As the song says, after April come "the flowers that bloom in May." That's Kristi, all right—a blooming flower just beginning to open up and let the nectar flow. A petite five foot three and 105 pounds, this blond honey with the 34-22-34 frame is game for whatever riches life has to offer. "I won't always be a salesgirl," she told us. "I'd like to be a model someday." We reminded her that, by winning this month's "Friends & Lovers" contest, someday was now. "So it is," she laughed, "but I'd also like to model some *clothes* someday. Or maybe I'll be an executive secretary." We assured her that there would always be a market for a girl who takes dictation at 150 words per minute while looking spectacular both in and out of her clothes. Even if she can't spell worth a damn.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



friends & lovers

JUNE 1984 FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER



COURTNEY WHITE

CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

When we think of Florida, we think of oranges, sunshine, and hurricanes. When we met Courtney, it was more of the same: sweet and healthy, bright and bouncy, in a hurry. Managing a laboratory for a group of physicians takes up her days, but not her energy, because nights, Courtney dances away at a local nightclub. "I love Florida," she bubbled, "and how you can run around in very few clothes. Everyone looks so healthy with a tan, and since you do wear so little, most people try to stay in good shape." At five foot three and 102 pounds dripping wet, Courtney keeps her 34½-25-34½ figure in very good shape.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK PAPPAS



friends & lovers

JULY 1984 FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER



SANDRA A.

McALLEN, TEXAS

If Sandy is not deep in the heart of the men of Texas, they better take another look. They can keep their oil, South Fork, all of Dallas, and every yellow rose in the state. We'll take Sandy. Studying to be a dentist, she is a triple-threat girl who goes to school full-time, works part-time, and still finds time to win beauty contests. Her five feet nine inches and 118 pounds are beautifully distributed over 38-25-36 inches from top to bottom, and there isn't a straight line or a flat surface in view. Though an outgoing, fun-loving person with many friends, Sandy is a conservative at heart and really had to psych herself up to pose for our centerfold. But, once she had made up her mind she did a super job.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PETTIT





friends & lovers

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"Gosh, Miss Lily, that's one real nice set uh tits."

sexstyles

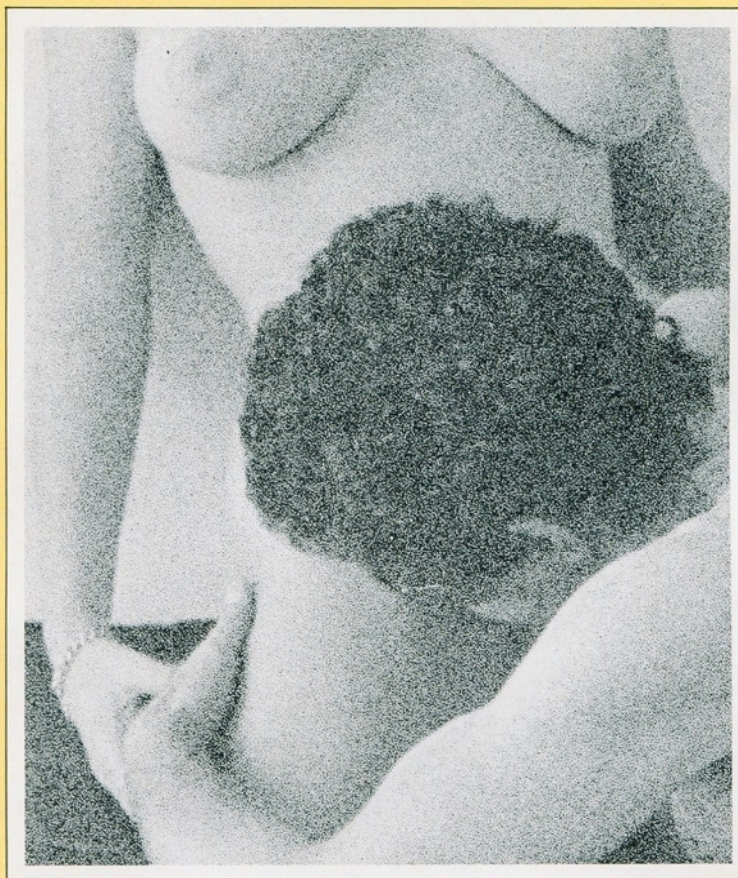
LIBERATED SEX

*A little liberation can be good for the soul,
as well as the sex. We drove each other crazy with
passion until well after dawn.*

Larry

I had no idea what I was getting myself into. It was a cold Tuesday night, and I was horny as hell. My roommate, Gary, was out on the town with his girlfriend, and he said he'd be crashing at her place, which meant I had the apartment all to myself. (In New York City, the only way you can afford the rent is to have a roommate, and the only thing you have to give up is any shred of privacy you may want for yourself.) As soon as Gary said he would be out all night, my cock sprang to attention. I hadn't had a date in weeks. I have to work impossibly long hours, so by the end of the day I'm usually too tired to go out. Instead, I turn on the television set and watch the soft-core porn on cable. Once in a while, if Gary's gone to bed, I'll whip it out and jerk off to the sights and sounds of whatever's on the set. Although you never get to see couples actually fuck on these shows, some of them are pretty hot. One night I saw a guy interviewing a couple of porn-movie actresses, and the three of them really got into it—they almost had to cut off the rest of the show. One of the girls had her head between the guy's legs, and she was bobbing up and down on his prick for all she was worth. As I say, there were no close-ups, but just seeing her from the back, with her ass up in the air, sent my dick into convulsions. Ever since I can remember, I've been extremely receptive to visual stimulation. There are very few things more stimulating to me than watching a beautiful woman giving a great blowjob.

A little before midnight, I decided to call a girl I'd once been involved with, a sexual dynamo named Ann who was a freelance illustrator. From the moment we'd met, at a friend's twenty-fifth birthday party a year before, our sexual chemistry had worked perfectly. That night, after we'd both had a few drinks, she let it be known that she had a problem with her



cunt. "It won't stop dripping," she'd said, a sly grin on her face. "What can I do about that?"

"I have a pretty good idea," I replied, "and I would give anything to watch." I led her to the bathroom, locked the door, and told her to sit on the edge of the bathtub. She hiked up her skirt and pulled down her panties. Then she opened her legs wide, so that I could get a good, clear view of her wet pussy.

"Put two fingers inside," I commanded, and she did as she was told. As she fucked herself with one hand, she diddled her clit with the other. I was amazed by how big her clit was—it really looked like a small cock. She masturbated frantically in front of me as my hard-on strained the seams of my pants. In the back of my mind was the fear that some other party-goer was going to have to use the toilet, but at this point my anxiety was all but obscured by desire. If

anyone had to use the john, they were going to have to wait.

Suddenly her body went stiff, then shuddered violently. I could see the muscles of her cunt squeezing her fingers—she was off on a powerful orgasm, and it wouldn't stop. She inhaled hard a few times, panted like a dog, and then hunched over. I thought she had passed out, and my heart started pounding. I was drunk enough to think that maybe she'd had a heart attack or something. I grabbed her by the arms and shook her. She looked up, a smile on her face.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"Fantastic," she said. "I needed that. You must be pretty hot yourself by now. Take that poor thing out of your pants and let me get a good look at it." I unzipped my fly and had my cock free in a jiffy. It was so close to exploding I couldn't even touch it. She sensed how horny I was, and instead of taking it in her hand, just started talking to it.

"Oh wow, you're so goddam beautiful," she said. "So big

She pulled down her panties, and opened her legs wide so that I could get a good, clear view.

and strong. I love the way cocks look—I love it when they get hard like this.” She looked up at me, her beautiful, round brown eyes opened wide with lust. “What do you want me to do to it?” she asked. “How about a little head?” She stood up and put her arms around me, staring me straight in the eye. “I can give you a blowjob so good you’ll never want me to stop. I can make your cock feel like it’s never felt before. Or we can fuck any way you want, right now. You got me so hot—it felt so good with you watching, and knowing you enjoyed looking at my cunt—I’ll do anything you want, right here. Men like to look at my ass when they fuck me. Do you want me to get on my knees for you?”

It was all I could do to nod my head. I thought I must have been dreaming, or that all the good luck that had ever eluded me when it came to women was catching up with me now. My cock felt so hard it throbbed—and that had never happened to me before.

As soon as I nodded my head, she got down on the floor, just like a bitch in heat, and threw her skirt over her back, so I could see what I was about to get into.

There was no doubt that she hadn’t been lying about men loving her ass. It was a beautiful, large behind, with smooth



white cheeks that looked so good I wanted to sink my teeth into them. She reached back with one hand and opened herself wide, exposing both her ass and pussy for my viewing pleasure. I bent down and started kissing her ass.

“That’s it,” she cooed, “Oh yes. Make me squirm, lover. Fuck me as hard as you can. Stuff my cunt with your beautiful cock.”

Before slipping my prick into her pink pussy lips, I had the urge to do something I had never done before. I spread her cheeks wide and stuck my tongue deep into her anus. She squealed so loud that I felt certain she could be heard over the roar of the party. It didn’t matter, of course. Nothing mattered now except probing her tight, musky asshole, and getting it wet and slippery enough for my prick to ease right in.

She knew what I was up to. “If you want to fuck me in the ass, don’t bother getting me wet—just ease it in. Put it deep inside me—I want to feel you come in my ass. Don’t waste time. Do it!”

I had trouble getting my pecker into her tight rear end. I had never butt-fucked a girl, and was afraid of jamming it into her

too quickly. But Ann was no novice. She reached back, took my cock in her hand, and guided it between her buttocks. The next thing I knew, my cock was completely surrounded by the tight heat of her sphincter.

I probably should have taken more time to enjoy myself, but my hard-on had a mind of its own. I rammed in and out of her ass with a force I’d never used on a pussy. I was so wrapped up in getting my rocks off that I didn’t notice how loud my own moans were.

She fingered her clit as I fucked away at her rear end. I squeezed the cheeks of her behind so tightly, my fingers left red marks on her white skin. I couldn’t keep my eyes off her ass, and my prick ramming into her tight hole. And the more I thought about how she had catered to my desires, the hornier I got. As far as I was concerned, Ann was the sexual find of the century.

I told her I was about to come, and she humped and bucked up and down like a wild bronco. She clenched my dick with her anus as tightly as she could, and milked every drop out of me. I gasped for air and held onto her tits, my sweat pouring onto her back. “Lover,” she cooed, “you’re magnificent.”

I remembered every moment of that night as I fumbled through my desk, looking for my address book. Work had forced me out of touch with too many people, but one thing was for certain—I had to get in touch with Ann. With the apartment all to myself, I couldn’t let the night go by without getting some of that marvelous ass.

Her phone rang six times before she answered it. When I heard her voice, my prick started to twitch. I plowed through some small talk quickly, paying little attention to my questions and her answers. “Are you free tonight?” I asked suddenly.

“I’m not sure,” she said, a little surprised. “What did you have in mind?”

“I thought maybe you could drop by and we could watch an old movie on the tube, drink a little wine, and catch up on what’s been going on with each other lately.”

She took a few seconds before answering. I began to think that calling her up had been a stupid idea, and the thought made me very depressed.

“That sounds fine,” she said finally. “But to be quite honest, I’m really not all that interested in seeing an old movie.”

“Why not?”

“Because it’s been a very long day, and I’m very horny, and what I really want is a little fucking and sucking.” My cock sprang back to attention, and I could feel my heart thumping through my shirt. “Great,” I chuckled. “That sounds like a much better idea.”

“I’ve got to warn you, however, that I’ve changed since the last time we saw each other. Nothing physical—it’s not like I’ve lost a tit or anything—but my attitudes have changed in the past year. I hope you don’t mind. . . .”

I was too horny to stop and think about what the fuck she was trying to tell me. I said I didn’t mind, and just gave her my address. She said she’d be over in an hour.

Ann

It was pretty clear from our first fuck that Larry was a fairly straight guy who really got off on my totally submissive behavior. But that really didn’t surprise me. For some time, I’d been meeting and fucking men whose sex drive had been suppressed. These guys really let loose once they saw how wild and crazy I could become. Unfortunately, a lot of them only called me up when they were superhorny, expecting me to come across with the goods, no strings attached. Now, I’m not a big fan of strings—I don’t look for firm commitments from the men I date. But after awhile it got to the point where they were getting a lot more enjoyment from me than I did from them. What these men—Larry included—liked most about me was that I would do anything in any way they wished. My every

I liked the dominant role. The easiest way to have a number of orgasms was to control the action.

orifice was for *their* fulfillment; wherever they felt like kissing, sucking, or fucking was supposed to be all right by me, and usually was. But my urges were going unsated, and I found that whenever I talked about my displeasure, the guys got uptight and stopped calling.

Then a lover introduced me to the joys of S&M. Nothing too heavy—I do not enjoy inflicting or receiving pain. But I did find out that I liked playing the dominant role in sex, and that the best way for me to get off several times during one evening was to control the fucking from the outset. No more did I want to be led around by the cunt, slavishly following an erect cock. A hard cock was for *my* pleasure.

When Larry called, it was pretty damn obvious that he was horny. I wanted to make it as clear as possible that the sex wasn't going to be the same, but while I gave him fair warning, I don't think he was paying much attention. If he hadn't been jerking off before he called, he certainly was during the conversation. His breathing was shallow, and I have heard the sound too many times in the past not to know what it meant. But I *liked* Larry; liked him a lot, in fact. If he could accept a change in my sexual behavior, I was more than willing to continue a relationship with him.

I dressed quickly that night, putting on a pair of tight, black leather pants, and a black leather top with stud buttons down the front and a zipper down each side. The top was one of my favorite wardrobe items—it made my 36-C tits stand up straight and tall, and when a breeze blew, my nipples became hard and erect. Looking at myself in the mirror was quite a turn-on, and I couldn't resist reaching into my pants to feel the warmth oozing out of my cunt.

I pulled my long hair straight back into a bun, which gave my face a severe, angular look. I don't usually wear a lot of make-up, but I like to highlight my eyes. By the time I was through getting myself together, I knew Larry was going to be *mucho* surprised when he opened the front door. I didn't look anything like the hippie artist whose ass he had fucked a year before.

I was right—his mouth wouldn't close. I almost broke out laughing.

"Ann?" he asked. "Is that you?"

I nodded my head. "Let me in," I commanded. He did as he was told, looking me up and down as I passed by him. He went to the liquor cabinet to pour us a couple of drinks. "Ann, I would never have recognized you," he said. "That outfit looks fantastic on you!"

"I'm glad you think so," I told him. "But I want to clarify something. I didn't dress this way to turn you on. I look this way because it makes me feel better. It makes my cunt come alive, and it lets me enjoy the feel of a cock ten times more than I ever did before. And that's because I fuck on my terms. Do you understand what I'm saying to you, Larry?"

The look on his face told me he was wondering what the fuck he had gotten himself into.

I stood up, and walked over to his chair. Once I was in front of him, I grabbed his hair and pulled his head down so that his face was grinding against my leather-covered cunt.

"I want you," I said to him. "I want you to take your clothes off, and I want to watch you make your cock grow. I want to see you play with your cock, jerking it off the same way I did when you watched me play with myself that night at the party. Remember that, Larry? How wet my cunt was and how badly I needed to finger fuck myself? Well, now it's my turn to watch, lover. You called me because you're horny, isn't that right? Because you remembered how good my cunt smelled, and how tight my asshole was, and because you wanted to treat your big prick to something really special, right? Well, lover, I'm going to make your big cock feel real good, the best it's felt in a long time. But you're going to give me what I want, when I want it, and as often as I want it."

His head went up and down, slowly. He was rather stunned,

as I expected him to be. But there was no complaint, no protest. Larry knew a good thing when he saw one.

"Stand up and take off your shirt."

He took off his shirt. "Take off your pants." They dropped in less than a second. I looked down, and his thick prick was already swollen and sticking straight out.

"Now stroke it, Larry. Let me see you jerk yourself off." He took his cock in his fist, and began beating it frantically.

"Slowly," I said sternly. "Stroke it easy."

"Ann, I don't know how long I can keep it up. I'm so close to coming. . . ."

"You will not come until I tell you to come, do you hear? You will masturbate until I have seen enough, until you beg me to let you come."

I knew he wouldn't be able to last for more than a few minutes. Pretty soon he was down on his knees, pleading.

I told him to lie down on the floor, on his back. I stripped off my pants and squatted over his face. The juice from my cunt was dripping out of me, like juice from a ripe plum. The hot fluid streamed down his cheeks.

"Eat me," I commanded. "Eat my cunt, Larry. Stick your tongue deep inside of me. Yes, that's it—don't stop. Faster—



lick me faster. . . ." I parted the lips of my cunt with my hands, so that he had easy access to my clit. The sight of my cunt spread wide really got him going. I could feel his arm jerking up and down on his cock.

I turned around, so that he had a full view of my cunt and ass, and repeated my command to lick my cunt faster with his tongue. The feel of his mouth on my gaping pussy, plus the view of his cock being stroked, sent me into orbit with lust.

"I'm going to let you come now, Larry," I said, and bent over to take his cock in my mouth. We came simultaneously, groaning loudly, blissfully sharing the orgasmic release. His jism filled my mouth—and after three gulps there was still more. Once he was drained, and my orgasm subsided, I collapsed on top of him, resting up a bit before starting the rest of the night.

Larry turned out to be a wonderful slave, not hesitating once to heed my commands. We drove each other crazy with passion until well after the sun was up, and both of us were late for work. We still see each other once a week, and we are both more than happy with the situation. □

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